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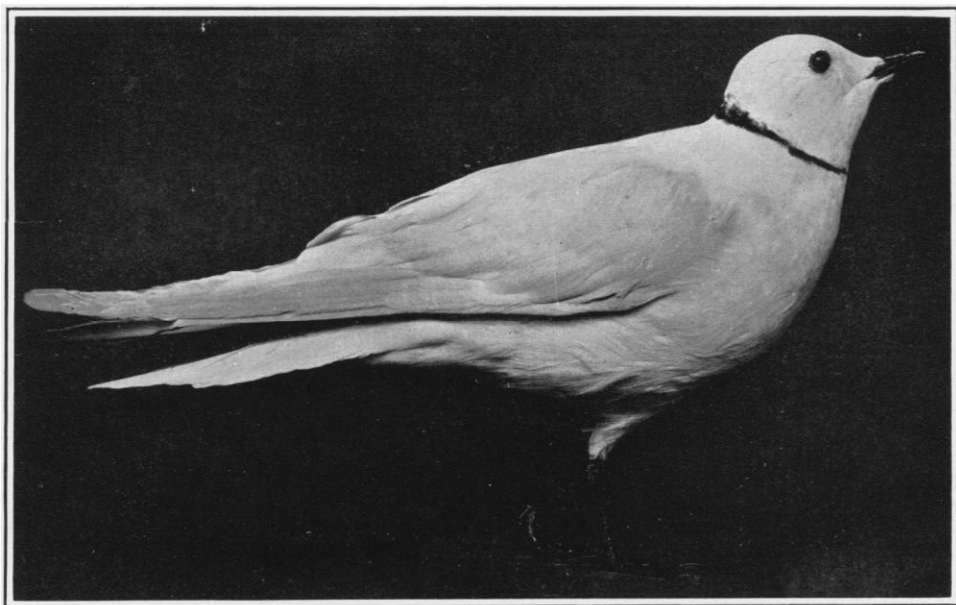
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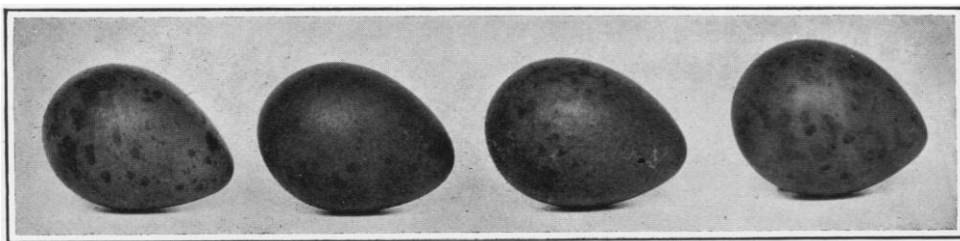
EGGS OF THE ROSY GULL

By JOHN E. THAYER

I HAD the good fortune to obtain from Mr. S. A. Buturlin, a Russian Ornithologist, some eggs of Ross's Gull (*Rhodostethia rosea*), also a chick and a pair of adult birds in full breeding plumage. It was Mr. Buturlin who first found in 1905 this beautiful Gull breeding on the delta of the Kolyma River in northeastern Siberia.



ADULT MALE OF THE ROSY GULL; FROM MOUNTED SPECIMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN E. THAYER; ABOUT ONE-HALF NATURAL SIZE



EGGS OF THE ROSY GULL; ABOUT ONE-HALF NATURAL SIZE

In an interesting article which was published in *The Ibis* he says that it was May 30, 1905, that he saw the first ^a Rosy Gull. On June 13th, the day on which the ice on the Kolyma broke up, several clutches of eggs of this species were brought to him, all incubated. They breed in small colonies of from two to three

a. Mr. Buturlin in his article always speaks of *Rhodostethia rosea* as Rosy Gull; which I think a most appropriate name.

to ten or fifteen pairs, in company with the Black-capped Tern. They lay sometimes two, but nearly always three eggs. These are very handsome, being a beautiful deep rich olive-green. They are spotted especially near the larger end, with chocolate brown. The spots are of unequal intensity, some darker, some paler, with every intergradation.



DOWNY YOUNG OF THE ROSY GULL; ABOUT
ONE-HALF NATURAL SIZE

Mr. H. E. Dresser in describing these eggs says: "They cannot be mistaken for any other Gull, except perhaps those of *Xema sabinii*. From the latter, however, they may be distinguished by being decidedly green in tone of their color, whereas those of *Xema sabinii* are not so, and by having the surface of the shell dull and glossless, whereas the eggs of the Sabine Gull are somewhat glossy.

The young Rosy Gulls, says Buturlin, are very lively and clever little creatures. As soon as they see an intruder they try to creep thru the grass to the water, and swim away to some distance, even if the waves are comparatively heavy. If you lie well hidden, after several minutes the little creatures begin to swim about, returning to the ground or the wet grass whence you disturbed them and uttering cries as they search for their mother. When caught, they peck your finger, peep and quack, but are not much frightened.

Lancaster, Massachusetts.

THE PRAIRIE FALCONS OF SADDLE-BACK BUTTE

By P. B. PEABODY

FEW birds have so completely aroused my enthusiasm and won my heart. I came to know them, superficially, many years ago. Two successive summers, thru the generosity of the shy, black-eyed son of a Pittsburg millionaire, I spent two successive months of August in Manitou Park. The lad, for some strange reason, had taken a sort of fancy to me; tho I, as Chaplain of the boarding school, had barely spoken to him. And so I had the rare joy of long, ideal days in the most beautiful spot in all the world; among birds of rarest interest. Here, with "Orlando" as a quiet but most sympathetic companion, I explored the mesa and the foothills, finding there, among the many other hawks that battered on the vast prairie dog towns far down the mesa, an occasional winnowing Falcon. The supreme delight I found in examining the nest-cavities long occupied by the Prairie Falcons in the red sandstone monumental rocks is just as thrilling today as it was those August days, over twenty years ago. The genuine bird man never grows old!